THE RUTHERFORD STAR.

BY J. B. CARPENTER,] BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD.—Davy Crocket. [TERMS--$2.00 In Advance

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THE STAR.

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RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

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Going Ashore.

"There she is, sir; that's she just off the point there. She's coming stem on; and in arf an hour, if she ain't on Bank Sands I'm a Dutchman."

My companion was no native of dam-land, for there was Briton written in every feature of his bronzed red face as he stood by me in Baythrope shore, is his canvas trousers, heavy fishers' boots, blue Jersey skirt and tarpaulin hat tied on with a bit of oakum band, while the flap behind beat about in the tremendous wind that was raging in our faces.

"Bang!" went the dull, smothered report of a heavy gun, and in the shade of the coming night I just caught sight of a faint flash of light.. Where we stood, the spray came rushing in like a heavystorm of rain; while the whistling of the wind and thundering of the huge rollers as they curled over and ovet upon the sands, tearing it out from among the clays, and scraping it away by tons, made standing in the face of such a storm extremely confusing; and yet hundreds were out upon the shore under the great sand-bank, drenched to the skin with the spray, for the news had spread through the village that a three-master was going ashore.

Going ashore! Simple words to a landsman's ears; but what do they mean? The noble vessel tearing and plunging through the broken water—now down in the trough of the waves, now rising like a cork upon the white crests, and then a shock as she strikes upon the sand, and seems immovable; a thundering quiver through plank and beam; and then crash, crash, crash—mast after mast go by the board, snapded like brittle twigs on a dead stem, while huge ropes part like burned twine; then the rising of the apparently immovable vessel as she is lifted by the waves to fall crashing again upon the sands, parting in the middle; rushing billows pouring tons upon tons of water over the deck; a wild, wild cry for help; and then the shore strewed with fragments, casks, bodies, as the merciless waves sport with them, them tossing them on to the sands, and then curling over to drag them back.—Going ashore; not safety from a wild storm, but death.

"Ah." said the old salt by my side, shouting at me with his hand to his mouth, "did you hear that gun?"

I nodded.

"There goes another," he continued, stretching out his hand and pointing to where the flash could be seen. while directly after came another dull, heavy report. "Can't yer see her now, sir?"

Mine were not sea-going eyes; and it was no easy task to make out a distant object through the blinding storm of spray which beat dead in my face; but I just managed to make out a dark mass right out amongst the boiling waves, and I shuddered as I thought of the fate of those on board.

"She must come to it," said the man; "she'll come in just there;" and he pointed to a spot amongst the waves where they seemed roughest; "she'll be there in less time than I said; and then, Lord have mercy upon 'em. Amen!"

As he said this, the old man reverently took off his tarpaulin sou'wester, and stood with the storm tearing through the remains of his grizzly hair; bald, rugged, and weather-beaten, the coarseness of his features seemed for the moment subdued—softened by the feeling within his breast—as hestood there no inapt representation of a seer of old.

"Is there no coance for them?" I shouted.

The old man shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. "Precious little," he said, "unless them chaps come down with the life-boat; but who'd go out?"

It did look a desperate venture, indeed, to attempt to launch a boat with such a sea on; and having no reply, I stood shading my eyes and gazing out to sea.

"Bang!"

There was another flash, and another dull, echoless report, and, as the veil of spray seemed to clear during a lull in the storm, I could perceive a large three-masted vessel about 500 yards from the shore; and once, as she heeled over and showed her deck, I could see that it was crowded with people.

"God help them!" I muttered.

"Amen!" said the old man; and just then, away to our left, we saw the life boat carriage coming down at a trot, drawn by two stout horses; while a loud and prolonged "hurray!" welcomed its arrival, as another flash, and its following heavy report, seemed to come from the doomed vessel like a groan of pain in its hour of sore distress.

"They'll never go out to her," said the old man, shouting in my ear, for after the storm came down with redoubled furry, the wind shrieking and howling past cutting, the crests of the waves off as it came tearing over the hill of waters, and dashing the salt spray in my face till it almost seemed to cut the flesh; while at times the women who had come were completely held back against the steep sand-bank.

"There! look there!" cried the man, suddenly seizing my arm. "Catching at staws. Why, there's a boat-load coming ashore. There; don't you see—now a top o' that breaker!"

I caught sight of a small boat crowded with figures, and there seemed to be a tall wave curl over it, and I saw it no more.

"Gone!" sid the old man; "I knowed it!—Nothing could live in such a storm."

"Let's go to the life-boat, and see if they are going off," said I; but the old man was intently gazing out to sea.

"There; just as I said," he shouted hoarsely, "just in the place. She's struck." And then, above the yelling of the storm, we could hear a crash, and a wild shriek, that seems to ring through me now upon a stormy night, when far inland I listen to the howling wind.

"It's now or never!" said the old man, as he ran down towards where the life-boat stood upon its carriage, with a crowd of men and women around, the women hanging on to their husbands, and apparently begging that they would not dare the perils before them.

The sea had looked fearful enough from where we stood before; but here, as close as we dared go to the breakers, it looked perfectly awful, while the attempt to launch a boat seemed absolute madness. It was evident that the men thought so, too, though, as we came up, one sturdy fellow shouts: "I'm ready, mates, if you're going;" a jest mark that elicited no response, for every one stood stolidly gazing out towards the doomed vessel.

Just then, in the dull haze seaward, a blue light shone out over the water like a dull star but still no one moved. All at once the old man by my side laid hold of my arm, and whispered: "Give me a lift, sir;" and I knew hardly what his object was, he had climed by my help into the boat, "Now, then, you boys," he shouted wildly; "I can't stand this! stand aside and let some of the old ones come!"

The spell was broken. Women were hastily thrust aside, and a boat's crew was soon made up, amidst the shrieking and wailing of sweethearts and wives, who ran about the beach wringing their hands.

"Hurray for old Marks!" shouted a voice at my elbow, and the crowd loudly cheered the old man Then oars were shipped and all made ready, the old sailor seizing the steering oar as he stood up in his place with a life-belt on and his hat blown off, looking nobler than ever.

"Now, are you all ready?" he shouted.

"No, no," was the cry, and in the hum of expectation two men rose in the boat, dashed off their life-belts, and, amidst half-muttered groans, leaped out from their places and and ran the sands to the bank, where they disappeared.

"Two more!" shouted old Marks, and, for a few moments, so dread was the peril not a soul moved, then two stout lads come rushing towards the boat, pursed by an elderly man—a perfect giant.

"Stop them!" he roared. "Yer shan't go, lads."

He came up to them by the boat-side as they were climbing in, and endeavored to stop their progress; but in his turn he was seized from behind by a couple of men, and the two new comers were in half a minute equipped for the dire struggle before them, and in their places.

"Let me go!" shrieked the man, but the others clung to him; as the signel was given the carriage backed down into position, the time accurately chosen, and with a wild "hurrah!" heard above the storm, the life-boat was launched.

My attention had been so taken up that I had ceased to look upon the man who was struggling to regain his liberty; but just as the boat was leaving its cariage, a bystander was driven violently against me, and the moment after I saw a figure dash across the intervening space and seize the side of the boat, and then came the roar of the storm and the rush of the spray, while for a few minutes the life-boat was invisible. Then, a short distance off, she was seen rising upon a wave, and then disappearing again into the dull haze, which, mingled with the coming night, soon shut everything from our gaze but the foaming water.

"Over seventy, sir," shouted a voice in reply to the query. "Old man-o'-war's man. Been in many a storm; but this here's awful."

Awful it was; for as wild a night had not fallen upon that part of the coast for many years; and as the folks upon the shore gazed in the direction the boat had taken, they shook their heads, and shouted in each other's ears.

There was a long and awful pause, only broken by the shrieking of the wind, and then came a loud shot, "Here she comes!" and in another minute, obedient to their steersman, the rowers timed their strokes to a second, so that the boat, heavily laden, rode in upon the summit fo a giant wave so far that twenty willing hands were at her side, and she was run right up the sands, and fifteen shivering, half-drounded fellow creatures lifted out and hurried up the shore.

"Now, my dear lads," cried old Marks, "on to the truck with her, and we're off again."

The boat was soon mounted, and every man at his post, the father of the two lads taking his place by the side of the old coxswain; for no amount of persuasion on either side could effect a change.

There was another cheer, rising above the storm; and again the gallant crew were launched into the surf, that seemed to curl round the boat as though to fill it in an instant. It rose and fell a dark mass amid the white foam for an instant, and then seemed to plunge into a bank of foggy blackness, for night had fallen.

I could not drag myself away from the stirring scene around me, for I seemed held to the spot by a strange facination. All at once a lurid light shot up, for a quantity of straw had been set on fire, and the flames roared and crackled as dry sea-weed and peices of wood were heaped uy to increase the glare, which appeared to gild the crests of the waves, and threw into bold relief the figures on the sands—some gazing out to sea; some watching eagerly the fringe of breakers, ready to rush down and secure anything that might be washed ashore from the wreck

More straw was heaped upon the fire, and the flames and sparks rushed inland, as they rose with the mighty current of all and darted across the sand-bank. Out seaward all seemed black darkness, and the eyes strained after the life-boat were for a while strained in vain.

All at once there was a cry of "Here she comes;" but it was pro onged into a wild wail of despair; for by the light from the fire to the boat could be seen broadside on, and close in shore; and then, after tossing about for a moment, she was dashed, bottom upwards upon the sands.

There was a rush to aid the men struggling in the surf. Some were dragged ashore; some scrambled unaided from the water; while more than one was sucked back, by the undertow; but the life-belts they wore kept them afloat; and at last, more or less hurt, the whole crew was ashore, three being carried to the village insensible.

I now learn that about half way to the vessel, the steersman's oar had snapped in two, and the boat fell into the trough of the sea; when, in their efforts to right her, a couple more blades were broken; a wave swept over them and washing two men from their seats but they regained their places, and then, with the dread of death upon them, the boat became unmanageable in their hands; for in spite of the efforts of the old coxswain, the men appeared panic-stricken, and rowed at random.

The light that glared upon the shore now showed that it was completely strewn with wreck; and I looked with horror upon the various signs which so plainly disclosed the fate of the good ship. Spar, plank, beam and cack, entangled with rope, were being churned over and over in the sand; and twice I saw something dragged ashore, and carried away, which sent a shudder through my frame.

At last, heart sick and weary, I turned away, and inquired where the crew of the boat were, and who had suffered; when, to my sorrow, I learned that the only one seriously injured was old Marks, who had so gallantly set the example that evening, an example which had resulted in the saving of 15 poor creatures from a watery grave.

On entering the village I soon found where the old man had been conveyed, and in a few minutes after I was at the bedside of the sufferer. I found him sensible, but, with a change in his countenance that no amount of pain or suffering alone could have placed there. He was quite calm, and smiled as I entered.

"Has she' gone to pieces?" he whispered, stopping to wipe the blood away that oozed from his lips.

"I fear so," I replied, "the shore is streed with wreck."

"I knowed she would," he gasped. Poor things! How many did we bring ashore?"

I told him fifteen.

"Ah!" he groaned, "not enough, not enough."

"But it was a most gallant act," I said; "and more would have been saved but for the accident. Where are you hurt? It is not serious, I hope?"

"Serious?" he whispered; and then with a sad smile; "No, in ain't serious. I'm the only one hurt; and my time is up long ago—four years, and more. So it ain't serious."

"Where are you hurt?" I said.

"Ribs all crushed," he whispered. "I was under the gunwale of the boat; and it's all over. I could see it in the docter's looks."

A gush of blood stopped his utterance, and I dared not whisper to comfort I could not feel.

"It's all right, sir," he whispered, after lying with his eyes closed for about half an hour—"it's all right, and an old tar couldn't die better than doin' his duty. I never thought to; but I always felt as I should like to die in harness, as they say, and so I shall; but I wish there had been more."

"More what?" I said.

"More saved," he whispered. "Yer see I've been afore now in action; and the Almighty only knows how many souls I've cut off; and I should like to feel sure as I'd saved more than I did for—that's all. Perhaps they might go in the scale to help balance the bad."

"But you did all as a part of your duty."

"Ah!" he whispered, "duty! Yes, sailors should do their duty; and I felt it was mine to-night to go. We old men-o'-wars men were trained to answer to call in calm or in storm; and when lives were at stake to-night, I felt that I was called, and I hope I did my duty. Will you ask them fifteen to just say a word or two for the old man in their prayers, sir; I mean when I am gone? I think I should like them to, for I am an old sailor, and can't boast of my past life."

"Have you no relatives?" I whispered; "no friends that you would like to see?"

"Far away—far away," he said, with a mournful shake of the head; "and some are awaitin' for me to join their watch. Don't leave me, sir," he said piteously.

I promised I would not, and sat watching hour after hour, listening to the hard breathing of the sufferer, who seemed to sink into a state of stuppor, only moaning at intervals as he tossed his head from side to side on the pillow, and muttered a few words, broken and half spoken. The storm gradually sunk till the wind quite lulled. and about three o,clock I half drew the curtain and looked out upon the sea, which still tossed fearfully, though all above was calm and peaceful—a light cloud just drifting slowly past the pale, bright moon.

I stood gazing at the soft blue sky, now so placid and serene, almost wondering that so great a change could have taken place, when I started, for a voice behind me shouted, "Morning watch. Draw the curtain and let the moon shine in."

I obeyed—turning cold and trembling as I did so—still looking at the dying sailor, who sat erect in the bed. "Here," he said; and, as I approached the bed, he seized my hand "Hark! don't you here that? It's the boatswain piping for me to keep my eye lasting watch. Ay, ay, sir! There—hark again! There's the waves a-lashing upon the farther shore. Breakers ahead! Look out there! The old vessel's struck, and she's going to peices—the old seventy-four, that's weathered so many a storm, going ashore. Farewell, messmate; one short struggle, one cold plunge, and a hopeful heart—a brave striking out through the harsh breakers! Land, ho! land, ho! on the others side—and its land of rest—a land of peace and hope. Now for it! The rush of the dark waters is coming—blinding, deafening—but a bold heart, messmate. God bless you, I'm going ashore."

For some minutes I sat motionless. The old man's eye had lighted up as he gazed straight before him out upon the moonlit heaven. His voice seemed to peal through the silence of the night, till I shivered as he described the wreck then taking place. To the last word, his voice had rung out loud and resnate; and then he sank back motionless upon the pillow, stained now with his life-blood; and I passed softly from the room, for I knew that his life-bark was stranded by the sea of death.

☞ The State of Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia, have signified their intention of accepting of the act of Congress, granting land to the several States for the purpose of locating agricultural and mechanical colleges. The Commissioner has nearly completed signing the scrip for North Carolina to the amount of one hundred and seventy thousand acres.

Poetry.

LEAF BY LEAF THE ROSES FALL.

Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
Drop by drop the springs run dry,
One by one, beyond recall,
Summer beauties fade and die;
But the roses bloom again,
And the spring will gush anew,
In the pleasant April rain,
And the summer sun and dew.

So in hours of deepest gloom,
When the springs in gladness fail,
And the roses in the bloom
Droop like maidens wan and pale,
We shall find some hope that lies
Like a silent gem apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes
In the garden of the heart.

Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
That will spring afresh and new,
When grief's winters shall have fled,
Giving place to rain and dew—
Some sweet hope that breathes of spring,
Through the weary, weary time,
Budding for its blossoming
In the spirit's glorious clime.

RULES FOR SPOILING CHILDREN.

1. Give frequent commands, but let it be ever known by your child that you do not mean what you say.

2. Be sure never to betray any ond of that weakness commonly known as *firmness*.

3. Establish it as an unfailing law, that when the child insists, either by teasing, scolding, threatening, or crying, he is to have his own way.

4. Scold him for trifles, but the greater crimes pass with but little notice.

5 Frequently speak of his ill temper, or other wrongs in his presence, in a manner that leads him to see that you think them indicative of some smartness in him.

6. Gratify his whims in getting for him playthings, clothes, confections, ect.

7. Encourage him to retort, and answer you when you reprove him.

8. Wait on him very much, and humor him in all things.

9. Never have him to keep his things in order.

10. By all means rear him to know that his cheif happiness is in eating good things, wearing fine clothes, going to every show, ect., but never let him know that he can, or ought, to deny himself in anything.

By following these rules even indifferently, the child will be effectually spoiled!

DON'T SEE IT.—"It will take a smarter man than Jim Doolittle and a decenter politician then Esquire Thayer to make me believe the Johnson party is following in the footsteps of Lincoln," said a substantial old republican to us the other day. "As nigh as I can recollect the only following of Lincoln the copperheads ever did was when one of 'em followed to shoot him! The man we twice elected President never had the democratic party and the whole batch of rebels at his heels except to bark and spit venom; and we calcula this was o sign that he was about right. No, no—that kind o'talk won't go down; if these deserting republicans had stood were Lincoln left 'em they never would have found themselves in such company!" We allowed the old man had it about right; and he might have asked why, if the Johnson party is but carrying out Lincoln's policy, the democrats and rebs didn't support Lincoln. —*Warsaw New Yorker.*

AN INCIDENT AT PHILADELPHIA.—A correspondent of the Cincinnatti Gazette relates the following as happening at the Philadelphia Convetion:

"While Doolittle was speaking, Sergeant at-Arms McClosky, late of the Charleston Convention, handed a bottle of whiskey to a stupid radical reporter to pass up to the platform. Of course he wanted it to be slipped up quietly. The reporter did not seem to understand the democratic way, and holding it up over the stage. For a moment every democratic eye was on it, and all lips in sight of the reporter's table gave an instinctive smack. But it was not just the thing to have that bottle there, and the reporter seemed inclined to hold it till some one took it. At last a Vice President advaced across the platform, made a raid upon it, and hiding it under his coat, took it where it could be appreciated.

☞ You can buy a man neatly murdered in Chicago for $12

THE STAR.

J. B. CARPENTER, EDITOR.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 19, 1866

Our friends will excuse us for want of editorial this week, our official duties, as clerk of the Court takes our entire time, after Court is over we will try and get ourselves into the harness right.

SUPERIOR COURT.—The fall Term of the Superior Court for this County, commenced last Monday, His Honor Judge Mitchel, presiding. There has been several cases disposed of, and as the Judge seems to be doing business up in good style we have no doubt but both Dockets will be clared of cases before the Term expires.

☞The Candidates for the Senate Messrs. C. L. Harris and J. R. Logan addressed the citizens of this County at the Court House on yesterday. There was a large number in attandance.

A NEW PAPER.—We have received the first number of the *Daily Indez* published in Raleigh, N. C., by Messrs. Moore & Keith at five dollars a year. It is a neat little sheet. We wish our friends all the luck imaginable.

☞ See the announcement of Col. Harris as a candidate for the Senate in this Senatorial district. We know Col. Harris to be a true Union man, one who fought secession, and the Davis despotism, as hard as was possible during the war, and who stands ready to do his duty now. His experience in Legislative bodies, well qualifies him for the position and we have no doubt but that he will be triumphantly elected.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.—See the Last Call of Maj. Erwin. Patienoe has ceased to be a virtue, and unless prompt attention is paid to this call your Notes and Accounts will be found in the hands of a Lawyer for collection.

Also see the Notice of *Mrs.* Jolley, she says, "that Mr. M. W. Bradley did not steal her horse, as published some time since, but that he taken him under a misapprehension, and has made all things right with her." Strange isn't it

See the circular of *Mr* Moore in another Column all persons wishing articles in his line would do well to give him a call, as he is an old experienced hand in the mercantile business and will, we have no doubt, do all in his power to please his friends and patrons.

According to previous notice, a Mass meeting of the citizens of Rutherford County was held on last Monday at the Court House in this place.

The meeting was organized by Calling Col. C. L. Harris to the Chair, and requesting J. B. Carpenter to act as Secretary.

On motion, Col. T. R. Caldwell, of Burke, explained the object of the Meeting in a few brief but appropriate remarks.

Mr. N. Scoggins offered the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That we recognize the proposition to change the Basis of Representation according to the white or voting population as Just, wise, and patriotic.

Resolved, That we are in favor of the restoration of the State to the Union at the earliest practicable monument, and upon the best terms that can be obtained.

Resolved, That we recommend to the Convention, to be held in Raleigh on the 20th inst., the name of Gen. Alfred Dockery for Governor, and in the event of his nomination, we pledge ourselfes to use all honorable meaus to secure his election believing his ellection wouldhave the effect to facililate the restoration of the State to the Union.

On motion the chair appointed five delegates to the Raleigh Convention, viz:—J. Hampton, Esq, Capt. Thos, Mode, Col. Martin Walker, R. W. Logan and N. Scoggins.

On motion J. C. L. Harris, of Raleigh, and J. M. Hamilton, of Polk, were added to the list.

On motion the meting adjourned.

C. L. Harris, Chairman.

J. B. Carpenter, Secretary.

—There now remains only $11,500,000 of National Bank notes to complete the authorized amount of $300,000,000. When this is done the currency will be stationary, and we may expect an element of sttaement of steadiness to be intreduced nto our monetary affairs to which we have been a stranger for five years."

—It is stated that Secretary McCulloch will avail himself of the balances in the hands of the National Banks to pay off the temporary indebtedness of his department, so as not to disturd the money market by calling in loans on the part of the bakns.

For the Star.

Mr EDITOR.—On yesterday the candidates for the Senate in this district addressed the people of this county at the Court House.

Mr. J. Logan made his appearance, and announced himself as a candidate, he said the people of Cleveland county had held a meeting several weeks since, and that he was unanimously recommended, by the meeting, &c., he said, he could not perhaps illustrate his position better than by reading his Circular, which he did, said he was for Worth for Governor—and that he would hail with pleasure the day when we could have our common school system put into effect, &c., &c.

Col. C. L. Harris followed in reply, said he was a candidate for the Senate, that it was true, he had been elected to the Senate, twice, but it was to fill out the unexpired terms of Col. Dickerson and Dr. Miller, but now he wished to be elected to fil out his own term, &c.

Col. H. said that Mr. Logan's record was public property, and that he had the right to use it before the public—that he, Mr. L. had the same right, &c.

Col. H. said that the first heeverheard of Mr. Logan as a politician was as a *Nullifier* with a *nullificatian button* on his hat, when he first came to Cleveland county, he then changed to a whig and was defeated for the Senate by Dr. Columbus Mills, he then espoused the principles of the Democratic party, and was elected to the House of commons several times from Cleveland, he was an original secesionist, and had supported the war to the last man and the last dollar, to the last day, Now in reading his circular he claims to be a conservative, Col H, said he thought he wasa secessionists now, and thought he could prove it by his votes which he had given in the last legislature, and went on to show his votes. The first was for Public printer he voted for Mr Pell. for Judge Mr Manly, for secretary of State Maj, Foote, for Judge Mr Geo. Howard who had stated on the floor of the conversation in his place, that he was a secessionist now, had been and always expected to be, He voted for Mr Graham an unpardoned rebel for the U. S. Senate, for David Coleman for solicitor for the 8th circuit, if these votes did not prove Mr Logan a secesionist. he did not know what proof was necessary.

These charges were not denied by Mr. Logan, and he said in reply if he was not a conservative now, he did hot know what he was, that it was necesary for a man to be this and that as the case might be &c. &c.

Col H in reply said gentlemen if you had a certain set of principles that you wished carried out, who would you put in office to carry them out, a man who had always entertained those principles, or a man who had been every thing and struck to nothing, and had been this and that as the gentleman admitted he had been—Col H, farther said he was for the restoration of N. C. to the Union at the earliest period and on the best terms we could get.

That he was not disposed to vote any further taxation unless we could get a currency.

Col Harris got very much the advantage in the discussion. Mr Logan asked Col H. *who were the union men*? Col H, replied where in Ex-Gov. Perry of S. C. Mr Logan said he was a great man, but that there was few of them that were men of any character, Col H, told him if he had time he could show him a long list of them, and I hope he will take a long list around with him and show it to the people. The canvass has just opened and I hope the people will turn out to hear them speak, when the appointments shall have been made—Col H, has been a life long whig, and a consistent, conservative, Union man, and bids fair to be of much usefulness to this portion of the State

You may set it down Polk county is all right Mr Logan may get twenty votes in the county, but I doubt it.

Yours
PHILLIP

Columbus N. C. Sept. 12th, 1866.

The secessionists, who involved the country in war, forced the South to continue the fight until we were subjugated. The President then presented a plan of restoration, and the seccessionists prevented the people from carrying out this plan in good faith. The Constitutional amendments, which that body declares must be adopted before restoration can be effected: And the question now is, are the secessionists to be allowed, after having involved us in all this trouble, to defeat us and keep the States out of the Union? Will the people submit longer to the dictation of the authors of all their troubles? Do they intend to stay out of the Union for years for the particular benefit of a few persons who would be deprived of office if they should return, as Tennesee has done, by adopting the proposed amendments?—*Ex.*

☞ A gentleman who recently traveled from the West in a sleeping car, relates the following: "A gentleman was trying to still a crying child by carrying it to and fro in the coach, which by its screams finally irritated a man in one of the berths to such a degree that he could stand it no longer, and cried out profanely, 'What in the—— is the matter with that child? And soon again, 'Where is the mother of that she is not here to pacify it? At this the poor gentleman in charge of the child stepped up to the berth and said: 'Sir, the mother of that child is in her coffin in the baggage car!' The gruff grumbler immediately arose and compelled the afflicted father to retire to his berth, and from that time until morning took the little orphan under his own care."

You can have a man neatly murdered in Chicago for $12.

OUR RALEIGH CORRSPONDENT.

DEAR STAR.—For the simple reason that I have been unable to find something worth writing about, is my reason for not writing sooner.

The ball is at last in motion. By the time your next issue comes out, the Convention to nominate a man for Governor, will be held in this city and the struggle between rebels, traitors Secessionists and loyal Union men, will have begun to end on the 18th of October.

Another piece of Worth's presumption is the turning of Col. T. R. Caldwell out as President of the W. N. C. R. Road. Col. S. D. Tate has been reinstated. He says to the Secessionists, "Gentlemen, mark out what I must do to be re-elected Governor, and I will do it." And he has so far, proved a "good and faithful servant,"

The southern loyalists Convention, that met at Philadelphia on the 3rd, has adjourned. An address was issued and resolutions adopted.

The President and his party are making an extensive tour to Chicago and back to the Capitol. The President makes a speech on every occasion. At some places very little respect has been shown. "A fellow feelings makes us wonderous kind." Gen. Dix was the orator of the day at Chicago, at the laying of the corner stone of the Douglas *Monument*.

The vermont election turns out an increased majority for the Radicals.

I have written you all the news, my next will be quite long, as it will contain a great deal of news concerning the election, and the Candidates for Governor. I will try and put before the people the issue and effects of the coming election truthfully. and they must render their verdict at the poll.

LAOGN.

Raleigh, N. C., Sept. 13th, 1866.

A Son Runs Away with his Stepmonther and $800 in Greenbacks.

Mr. Sessamon, who has been engaged in the business of brewing lager beer for his thirsty customers in Dowagiac, has been experiencing a great deal of domestic infelicity for some time past; the female whom he had taken for better or worse being his second wife, and strange to say "the disturber of his peace and happiness being his own son, about 18 or 19 years of age, by his first wife. *Matters* had been progressing very unsatisfactorily to the senior for quite a period of time; indeed he had several times detected his unworhty son and unfaithful spouse in flavrante delictu but had not thought it of sufficient importance to make any serious disturbances about it.

Monday afternoon last. however, the matter culminated in the elopement of the son and wife, carrying with them $800 in greenbacks, which the father had recently received as a payment on his brewery establishment which he had sold. This was the feather that broke the camels back. He could endure the ingratitude of his son the unfaithfulness of his wedded wife but the additional loss of his greenbacks drove him nearly frantic. Upon his discovery of this triple loss of wife, son and greenbacks he started in haste in pursuit of an officer to bring back his hrring ones, and laut but not least, his missing greenbacks Officer Taylor was procured, and it was ascertained that the guilty couple had taken the afternoon train for the West, checking their baggage for Michigan City;

Mr. Taolor found the pair at Michigan City, and succeeded in securing the greater part of the money with which they had absconded, with which he returned leaving the armorous pair to continue their travels unmolested.—*Casmalis* [*Mich.*] *Democrat.*

WONDERS.

When a young man is clerk in a store and dresses like a prince, smokes "foine cigars," drinks "noice brandy," attends threatres, dances and the like, I wonder if he does all upon the avails of his clerkships?

When a young lady sits in the parlor during the day, with her lily white fingers covered with rings, I wonder if her mother don't wash the dishes, and do the work in the kitchen?

When a deacon of the church sells strong butter, reccommending it as a good article, I wonder if he don't rely on the merits of Christ for salvation?

When a man goes three times a day to get a dram, I wonder if, by-and-by, he won't go four times?

When a young lady laces her waist a third less than nature made it, I wonder if her pretty figure will not shorten life some dozen years or more, besides making her miserable while she does live

When a young man is dependent upon his daily toil for his income, and marries a lady who does not known how to make a loaf of bread or mend a garment, I wonder if he is not lacking somewhere, say towards the top for instance?

When a man receives a periodical, or newspaper weekly, and takes great delight in reading them, but neglects to pay for them, I wonder if he has a soul or a gizzard?

☞ An organization has been formed throughout the South for the purpose of exhuming and interring in cemeteries the rebel dead. Planks have been purchased for this purpose at Gettysburg and Franklin, Tenn.

—It is estimated that the Government loss is at least $8,000,000 per annum, by the non-payment or evasion of the internal revenue tax.

WHAT HAS GOV. WORTH DONE?

Gov. Worth has been in office eight months. It was promised by all his friends, when he was elected. that under his auspices the Union would soon be restored. though many of our people thought it was "Holden and go back to the Union, and Worth and stay out."

True it is, the Governor and his friends have managed to keep us out for the space of eight months; and the signs now are that we are further from being restored than ever. What shall be done! Gov. Worth has already led us into the Slough of Despond, and we see no prospect of his getting us out. He has ripped up and destroyed, as far as he could, all that had been done by the Provisional Governor in the name of the President, to restore. the State to the Union; and, instead of promoting harmony and good feeling among our people, it is notorious that under his administration there is more party feeling now than at any former period. This is owing to his having turned his back on the Union party of the State, and to the zeal with which he has prescribed and persecuted his former Union friends.

We happen to know, that while Gov. Worth has thus caused bad feeling and discord here at home, he has but little if any influence at Washington. His own organ, the *Sentinel*, has recently admitted that he did possess sufficience at Washington to have a friend of his appointed Collector at Wilmington. He receives official courtesy at Washington, but nothing more The writer of this knows, for he has seen the record, that Gov. Worth's recommendations for office are summed up on the same sheet With the recommendations of others, private citizens, and that they have no more weight than the latter.

Gov. Worth and his partizans are evidestly in way in the work of restoration. If the Governor is really devoted to the State, and wishes to see her restored to the Union, he ought to retire. We fear this great work can never be accomplished under his auspices, We call upon his organ. the Sentinel, to tell the people what Gov. Worth has done for them since he has been in office; and what hope there is that the Union will be restored under his administration We do not want passion and abuse, but a calm, thoughtful reply from that paper. The office of Governor ought to be so used as to promote the greatest good to the people, and not held merely to gratify the love of place or to reward partizans, The work of restoring the Union must be done and that speedily, or the people will decline in all their material and moral interests; and if one man can not do this work after a fair trial. the people own it to themselves to relieve him, and try some one else.

SPEECH FROM MR, FILLMORE.

The address of welcome to the President at Buffalo, New York, was delivered by Hon. *Milliard* Fillmore. The President responded in appropiate terms. The following is Mr. Fillmore's admirable address on the occasion:

MR PRESIDENT: The pleasing duty has been assigned to me of welcoming you and your distinguished Ministers and the gallant officers of the army and a navy accompanying you, to the hospitalities of the City of Buffalo. This duty is the more grateful to my feelings, and the more honorable to you, Sir, as I am authorized to speak in the name and on behalf of not only the city authorities, but also of all our citizens, without distinction of party of sect. All have cordially united in this testimony of respect to the Chief Magistrate of the nation. They know and appreciate your patriotic devotion to the Union during the darkest days of the rebellion. When Senators and Representatives in Congress threatened treason, and your own State swung from her moorings under the Constitution, and drifted into the turbid stream of secession, you stood like a rock in the midst of the ocean against which the waves of rebellion dashed in vain. Still standing erect while the tempest howled and the waters surged around you, you firmly resolved that the Union should be maintained. Since the war, new issues have arisen, of which it would not be proper for me to speak on this occasion; but I think that I may venture to assure you in the name of all that, however we may differ as to the best mode of accomplishing it, yet we are, with few exceptions, anxious to see the Union restored under the Constitution, and harmony commercial intercourse and fraternal love again uniting the North and the South; and the sooner this can be accomplished the better for the country. Every intelligent man knows that until this is done our credit cannot be estublished abroad and business to a certain extent must be paralyzed at home. As matters now stand, all is doubt and uncertainly, and no man can safely predict what may happen next month or next year. Such a state of uncertainty is a national calamity. But I will not detain you longer. This vast multitude that stand before you are anxious to hear the words of the man they have met to honor, and not mine; and, therefore, with sincere prayers that your journey may be a pleasant and safe one, I repeat the cordial welcome to our city, and regret that your visit is necessarily so brief. Allow me the honor to present you to our citiizens.

MARRIED

In Spartenburg district, South Carolina, on the 9th inst., by Rev W. D. Lancaster, Mr. Joshua Steadman, to Mrs. Catherine Griffin, widow, all of Rutherford county and the surrounding country.

Although the license law was flanked
In their elopement from the State,
The Parson was expressly thanked,
But like the Printer, got no *cake*.

* * *

New Advertisements

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are authorized and requested to announce Col. C. L. HARRIS as a candidate for the Senate in the 48th Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Cleveland, Rutherford and Polk, at the ensuing October election. Sept. 19-tde

Last Call!!

THOSE indebted to the firm of HOMESLEY & ERWIN are hereby notified that unless settlement is made at once, that their accounts will be placed in the hands of a Lawyer for collection. Easy terms may be obtained by promdtness.

Sept. 19.-2t. L. P. ERWIN.

Estrayed.

TOLD before the undersigned an acting Justice of the Peace for said County, a red colored Heifer supposed to be four years old, white spots on her legs and star in the forehead, unmarked; said heifer was taken up by, and may be found at M. Champons. The owner will come forward, prove property and pay charges, or she will be dealt with as the law directs.

Sept. 19-1t. A. W. HARRILL, J. P.

Business Circular.

TO THE CITIZENS OF RUTHERFORD AND SURROUNDING COUNTIES.

$30.000 Worth of Supplies.

THE Undersigned, having had several years experience in the Produce and Shipping Business, at SHELBY, N. C., and in a business point of view the head of the Wilmington, Charlotte & Rutherford Road and the country adjacent thereto, having been at great expense to construct this road it is but reasonable and proper they should have the benefit in getting their supplies as low in price as at any other Railroad point at a distance from them, besides all the business that passes over this road will the sooner contribute to extend it further west, and having made ample arrangements with houses in New York, Baltimore and other available points, for a constant supply of leading articles from first hands will be able to furnish these goods in small or large lots, at the very lowest possible market rates I solicit all persons who buy at retail, or otherwise, to examine this stock of goods which consists of the following supply in Store and in transitee. 1000 Sacks Liverpool Salt, 120 Sacks best Rio Coffee, 50 bbls assorted Sugars, 5000 lbs Hemlock Sole Leather, Fine Calf and Upper Leather and Shoe Findings, 50 Coil Bale Rope, 3000 yds India Cotton Bagging, Mackerel Fish ½ bbl and www and Mullets, Cheese, Train Oil for Tanners use by the bbl or gallon, Wood and Crockery Ware, Glass and Glassware, Hardware for farmers use and every description of Goods kept in this line.

In Exchange will take Produce and will pay the full Market price in *Cash* for all Loose Cotton or in Bale, but prefer it loose, in which case the sellor pays no tax; will also exchange Salt for 100.000 lbs of Clean Cotton Rags or will take them without limits in good order.

These supplies will be sold for currency and liberal deduction made for Specie, hoping by close attention to business and fair dealing to receive a liberal share of patronage.

JOHN L. MOORE.

Shelby, N. C., Sept. 19th, 1866 n21-5t

NEW PHYSIOGNOMY, or "SIGN OF CHARACTER," as manifested through Temperament and External Forms, and especially in the "HUMAN LACE DIVNIE." One elegant volume, with nearly 805 pages, and 1,000 illustrations. By S. R, WELLS, Editor PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, Price, post paid, $5, Address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

"New Physiognomy" is eminently practical, fully illustrated, and well suited to the wants of all. In the study of "the face" the reader soon learns to read each and every feature. Noses are classified as the Roman, Greek, Jewish, Snub and Calestrial. The eyes speak all languages, whether black, blue, brown or hazel. In a like manner, cheeks, neck, ear, hands, feet, walk, vocie, laugh, ect., are shown to be "signs of character"

In no other work is so much light thrown upon the character and destiny of mankind as in this, or the distinctive traits of nations and tribes so clearly pointed out. Portraits of distinguished persons of ancient and modern times, with biographical sketches and delineation of character, and given, DIVINES, ORATORS, STATESMEN, WARRIORS, ARTISTS, POETS, PHILOSOPHERS, INVENTORS, SURGEONS, DISCOVERERS, ACTORS. MUSICIANS, ect., are included. It is an "Encyclopedia" of biography, acquainting the reader with the career and character of many great men and women of the past 1,000 years, and of the present—such, for instance, as Artstotle, Julius Cæsar, Shakespeare, Washington, Napoleon, Franklin, Bancroft, Bryant Longfellow, Irving Rosa Bonheur, Theodosia Burr, Cobden, Bright, Lawrence, Bolivar, Whately, Thackeray, Dow, Knox, Richelieu, Hopper, Buckle, Dickens, Victoria, Wesley, Carlyle, Motley, Mill, Spencer, Thompson, Guthrie, Alexander, and hundreds of others. AGENTS WANTED. *Book sent by return post or express, on receipt of price.*

Notice.

THE Undersigned having advertised M. W. Bradley as stealing hes horse, saddle and bridle takes this method of informing the public that the said Bradley has returned, and that the horse was not stolen but taken under a misapprehension, and that he has made it all right with her, SYNTHIA C, JOLLEY
Sept. 19–1t

Dissolution.

THE firm of CARPENTER & LOGAN is this day dissolved by mutual consent, all claims due from the copartnership to be paid by J. B, Carpenter and all persons indebted to the concern will make payment to the same.
Aug. 10th, 1866. J. B. CABPENTER,
R. W, LOGAN.

THOMAS C. SMITH, M. D.,
DRUGS, MEDICINES, &C.,
AT
WHOLESALE.
ADDRESS
Care McKesson & Robbins,
91 & 93 Fulton Street,
aug. 22–tf. New York.

BY addressing the undersigned, friends and relatives of prisoners of war, who died at Camp Douglas, can obtain information in regard to time of death, disease, number and location of graves, &c. E. S. JORDAN,
Undertaker, P. O. Box, 2625, Chicaco. Ill.
P. S. Remains can be disinterred and sent home.
☞N. C. papers please copy the above.

THE
Crescent Monthly.
A MAGAZINE OF
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART AND SOCIETY.

Mr. EVELYN, editor and publisher of the "Crescent Monthly" desires to announce that he has associated himself with WM. B. SMITH & Co., of Raleigh, N. C. This partnership will conduct a publishing house in New Orleans under the style of WM. EVELYN & Co., and as heretofore in Raleigh, under the style of WM. B SMITH & Co,

We assure the public that an untiring energy and assiduity will still be bestowed upon this popular monthly, and that no labor or expense will be spared in making it a first class magazine.

Among its contributors are:

Hon. John Forsyth, James R. Randall, Hon. J. Q. C. Lamar, Henry Timrod, Rev. B. Craven, D. D., Jas. Wood Davidson, Dr, Bagby (Mozis Addums.) Samuel D. Davis. John H. Boner, Harry Lyndon Flas, Prof, Dimitry, John Esten Cooke, Prof W. S, Chase. "Bohemian," Judge Alex, Walker, George H. Meek, Judge Wm. M. Semple, Miss Augusta Evans, John R. Thompson, Esq., Fanny Downing, D. C. Jenkins, Esq., Miss Clara V. Dargan, J. Quitman Moore Esq., Miss Ellen A. Moriarty, Col. Paul H. Hayne, Mary Walsingham. Sarah J. C, Whittlesey.

Upon its merits alone the "Crescent Monthly" is presented to the public.

TO THE TRADE.

PRICE.—Single copies FIFTY CENTS. THE TRADE is supplied (cash orders) at $25 per one hundred copies; fifty copies, and less than one hundred, 27½ cents a copy; less than fifty, 39 cents a copy. NEWS DEALERS and others selling for us on commission are charged 35 cents per copy,

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

One copy, one year	$5 00
One copy, six month	2 50
One copy, three months	1 50

When possible to do so, money should be sent by post office order, or by express.

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The "Crescent Monthly," goes to every news dealer and upon every railroad and steamboat line in the South.

It already has a number of regular subscribers in every State and city, and additions to the list are received by every mail.

For the present we are inserting advertisements at the following very moderate rates.

One page,	$20.00
One-half page, one month.	10.00
One-quarter page, one month,	5.00

Our new house will be opened in New Orleanes as early as possible. Orders of all kinds may be addressed to WM. B. SMITH & Co., Raleigh, N. C., or
WILLIAM EVELYN & CO., Publ's,
New Orleans, La.

NOTE.—THE CRESCENT MONTHLY is gotten up in the style of the "London Society Magazine."
Sept 19–3t.

HOWE'S
IMPROVED COTTON PICKER.

PICKS three to five times faster than by hand, clean and free rom trash.—Weighs but two pounds.
PRICE—$20 each.
SOUHTERN AGENTS WANTED
HOWE MANUFACURING CO.,
No. 31 Cedar Street.
Jy11 New York.

CIVIL WARRANTS For sale at this Office

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE
Enlarged.
THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST

Enlargement of the Daily, Semi-Weekly and Weekly Tribune.

Notwithstanding the fact that the size of THE TRIBUNE has been increased more than one quarter, the price will remain the same.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE
FOR
The Great Family Newspaper.
THE
NEW-YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE

is printed on large double-medium sheet, making eight pages of six broad columns each. It contains all the important Editorials published in THE DAILY TRIBUNE, except those of merely local interest; also Literary and Scientific Intelligence; Reviews the most interesting and important New Books; the Letters from our large crops of correspondents; the latest news received by Telegraph from Washington and all other parts of the country, a Sumary of all important intelligence in this city and elsewhere, a Synopsis of the Proceedings of Congress and State Legislature when in session, the Foreign News received by every steamer, Exclusive Reports of the Proceedings of the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, Talks about Fruit, and other Horticultural and Agricultural information essential to country residents, Stock, Financial, cattle, Dry Goods and General Market Reports, making it, both for variety and completeness, altogether the most valuble, interesting and instructive WEEKLY NEWSPAPER published in the world.

The Full Reports of the American Institute Farmers' Club, and the various Agricultural Reports, in each number, are richly worth a year's subscription.

TERMS.

Mail subscribers, single copy, 1 year 52 numbers	$2 00
Mail subscribers, Clubs of five	9 00
Ten copies, addressed to name of subscriber	17 00
Twenty copies, addressed to names of subscribers	34 00
Ten copies, to one address	16 00
Twenty copies, to one address	30 00

An extra copy will be sent for each club of ten.

THE NEW-YORK SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE is published every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, and contains all the Editorial articles, not merely local in character, Literary Reviews and Art Criticisms, Letters from our large corps of Foreign and Domestic Correspondents, Special and Associated Press Telegraph Dispatches, a careful and complete Summary of Foreign and Domestic News Exclusive Reports of the Proceedings of the Farmers' Club or the American Institute. Talks about Fruit, and other Horticultural and Agricultural Information, Stock, Financial, Cattle, Dry Goods and General Market Reports, which are published in The DAILY TRIBUNE also gives, in the cource of a year, THREE of FOUR of the

Best and Latest Popular Novels

by living authors. The cost of these alone, if bought in books–from, six to eight dollars. If purchased in the ENGLISH MAGAZINES, from which they are carefully selected, the cost would be three or four times that sum. Nowhere else can so much current intelligence and permanent literary matter be had at so cheap a rate as in THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE. Those who believe in the principles and approve of the character of THE TRIBUNE can increase its power and influence by joining with their neighbors in forming clubs to subscribe for THE SEMI-WEEKLE Edition. It will in that way be supplied to them at the lowest price for which such a paper can be printed.

Mail subscribers,	1 copy, 1 year 104 numbers	$4 00
do.	2 copies, 1 year	7 00
do.	5 copies, or over	3 00

Persons remitting for 10 copies $45, will receive an extra copy one year.

THE NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE is published every morning and evening (Sundays excepted) at $10 per year $5 for six months.

Terms, cash in advance.

Drafts on New-York, or Post-Office orders, payable to the order of THE TRIBUNE, being safer, are preferable or any other mode of remittance. Address
THE TRIBUNE, New-York.

RUTHERFORDTON MARKETS.
CORRECTED WEEKLY, BY L. P. ERWIN

Bacon, per lb.	25	cts.
Butter, " "	20	"
Beeswax, "	25	"
Cotton, " "	25	"
Chickens, each	10 a 15	"
Eggs, per doz.	10	"
Flour, per lb.,	8	"
Feathers, per lb.	40 10	"
Peas, per bu.	1 50	"
Rye, " "	2 00	
Wheat, "	3 00	
Tallow, per lb.	12	

RALEIGH MONEY MARKET.
NORTH CAROLINA BANK NOTES

Bank of Cape Fear,	25
" Charlotte,	16
" Commerce,	11
" Clarendon,	5
" Fayetteville,	7
" Lexington,	15
" Graham,	15
" North Carolina,	36
" Roxboro,	25
" Thomasville,	25
" Wadesboro,	12
" Wilmington,	12
" Washington,	5
" Yanceyville,	6
Commercial Bank of Wilmington,	13
Farmers' Bank of Greensboro,	15
Greensboro Mutual,	5
Merchants' Bank of Newbern,	30
Miners' and Planters' Bank,	15

DENTAL NOTICE.

DR. B. H. PADGETT,

HAS made arrangements by which he expects to be in Rutherfordton on public days—especially Court weeks, Persons in the country desiring his services will please meet him there, as it will be to their comfort as well as his convenience. Terms cash.
Office in Mr. Burnett's Hotel.
July, 18th. no12–3m*

Turner's Almanac,
FOR 1867,

WILL be ready about the 1st of September. Those wanting advertising pages should send in at once. The Almanac will be enlarged and improved. Send in your orders at once if you want them filled early, as I shall fill orders by turn. Send orders to the care of Branson & Farrar, at the N. C, Bookstore.
aug. 22–4t. H. D. TURNER.

Notice.

ALL Persons indebted to the firm of O Bartlett & Co., are notified to come forward and make settlement by September Court. or the debts will be placed in the hands of an Officer for collection.
O. BARTLETT & CO.
by R. MOORE & M. A. WHITE.
Aug, 1–8t,

Come Up AND Pay Up!!

ALL Persons indebted to the Undersigned by Note or Account prior to April, 1865, are hereby requested to come forward and pay One fifth or One-tenth of their indebtedness as provided for in the late Stay Law and save cost, as I am determined to have what is due me if I can get it Early attention to this notice will save cost.
aug. 22–tf J. H. CARPENTER.

An Invention of Rare Merit!
Brown's Patent
METAL TOP
LAMP CHIMNEY,
THAT WILL NOT BREAK
BY HEAT,

Burns up all gas and smoke, never breaks by putting on a shade; short, and not top-heavy; is easily cleaned by removing top; in fact, the most perfect chimney known—and is fast superseding all others where it has been introduced.
No dealer can afford to be without them.
NEW LAMP CHIMNEY CO.,
73 Warren St., N. Y.
Aug. 29–6m. H.&P.

Notice.

ALL Persons indebted to the late firm of MITCHELL, MILLS & CO., are requested to settle their Notes and Accounts, as provided by the Stay Law, by the 1st o Oct., next with W. L. MITCHELL, and all persons indebted to W. L. Mitchell are requested to call and settle and save cost,
aug. 29–tf. W. L. MITCHELL.

$90 A MONTH!—AGENTS wanted for six entirely new articles, just out. Address O. T. GAREY, City Building, Biddeford, Maine. no6—1y

E. REMINGTON & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF
Revolvers, Rifles
Muskets and Carbines,
For the United States service. Also,
POCKET and BELT REVOLVERS
REPEATING PISTOLS,
RIFLE CANES, REVOKVING RIFLES,
Rifle & Shot Gun Barrels, & Gun Materials sold by Gun Dealers and the Trade generally.
In these days of Housebreaking and Robbery, every House, Store, Bank and Office should have one of
REMINGTONS' REVOLVERS.
Parties desiring to avail themselves of the late improvements in Pistols, and superior workmanship and form, will find all combined in the New Remington Revolvers.
Circulare containing cuts and description of our Arms will be furnished upon application,
E. REMINGTON & SONS, Ilion, N. Y.
MOORE & NICHOLS, Agents,
No. 40 Courtland St., New York.
Aug. 1.—no14—3m.

UNITED STATES
Steel Pen Works,
FACTORY, CAMDEN, N. J.

R. ESTERBROOK & CO.
Steel Pen Manufacturers.
WAREHOUSES:
403 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA,
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THESE Celebrated Pens are of Genuine American Manufacture, and comprise every leading style in the Market, and are equal in finish, elasticity and fineness of point to the best imported. They are, therefore, sure to gain the confidence of the American public.

Samples and Prices on Application
Lots made to Order, of any pattern or stamp required.

For Sale to the Trade at the Manufacturer's Warehouses, as above; and at retail by all Stationers, Booksellers and News Dealers in the United States.
R, ESTERBROOK & CO.
May 30, 1866. 6m.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN SEWING MACHINES
EMPIRE SHUTTLE MACHINE!
Salesroom, 536 Broadway, N. Y.
250 Washington St., Boston,
921 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
Patented Feb. 14, 1860.

THIS MACHINE is constructed on entirely new principles of mechanism, possessing many rare and valuable improvements, having been examined by the most profound experts, and pronounced to be

Simplicity and perfection Combined.

It has a straight needle, perpendicular action, makes the Lock or Shuttle Stitch which will neither Rip nor Ravel, and is alike on both sides; performs perfect sewing on every description of material, from Leather to the finest Nansook muslin, with cotton linen or silk thread, from the coarsest to the finest number. Having neither Cam or Cog Wheel, and the least possible friction, it runs as smooth as glass, and is

Emphatically a Noiseless Machine.

It requires Fifty per Cent, less power to drive it than any other machine in the market. A girl ten years of age can work it steadily, without fatigue or injury to health.

Its Strength and wonderful simplicity of construction renders it almost impossible to get out of order, and is guaranteed by the company to give entire satisfaction.

We respectfully invite all those who may desire to supply themselves with a superior article, to come and examine this unrivalled machine,

One half hour's instruction is sufficient to enable any person to work this machine to their entire satisfaction.

Agents wanted for all towns in the United States, where agencies are not already established, Also for Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America, to whom a liberal discount will be given.
EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE M'F'G CO
H.&P. 536 Broadway, N. Y

KEROSENE & GAS STOVES.

TEA AND COFFEE BOILERS, GLUE POS, OIL CANS, &c., &c.

☞ All the Cooking for a ☞ family may be done with ☞ Kerosene Oil, or Gas ☞ with less trouble, and at ☞ less expense, than by any ☞ other fuel.

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State of North Carolina.
RUTHERFORD COUNTY.
Equity Court, Spring Term, 1866.
John O. Waters, *et al*, vs Sarah B. McIntire, *et al* } To sell Land

NOTICE is hereby given to Sarah B. McIntire, Adaline, George, James, Julius, Thomas, John and Andrew Proctor who are non-residents of the State of North Carolina that they personally be and appear at the Court House in Rutherfordton, on the 3nd Monday in September next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to Plaintiffs petition, or in case of failure the same will be set for hearing *ex parte* as to them the said Defendants and heard accordingly.

Witness, L. B. Bryan, Clerk of court of Equity for Rutherford County, N. C., at Office in Rutherfordton the 3nd Monday in March A. D., 1866,
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Rutherfordton 17th July, 1866.

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What is a year? 'Tis but a wave
On life's dark rolling stream,
Which is so quickly gone that we
Account it but a dream.

'Tis but a single earnest throb
Of Time's old iron heart,
Which fireless is, and strong as when
It first with life did start,

What is a year? 'Tis but a turn
Of Time's old brazen wheel,
Or but a page upon the book
Which Death must shortly seal.

'Tis but a step upon the road
Which we must travel o'er;
A few more steps and we shall walk
Life's weary rounds no more.

CALLING THE FERRYMAN.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

They reached the river, the father and his little daughter. late in the evening The woods through which they had passed reached to the very brink; and as the night was cloudy, and very dark, the woods seemed to render the gloom profoundly deep. Far away on the opposite shore was here and there a twinking light in the small scattered houses, while farther off still where the bright lamps of the great city whither they were going. The little child was weary and sleepy, and chilled by the evening air. Nothing but urgency would have induced the father to be out with her thus. As they came to the ferry, they found the boat on the other side, where the ferryman lived So the father shouted and called, but no voice answered, then he would walk to and fro, and speak to his child, and try to comfort her; then he would call again and again. At length they saw a little light move and heard the moving of the boat — Nearer and nearer the noise came, but it was too dark to see the boat. But it came across, and the travellers entered it.

"Father!"

"Well my child?"

"It s very dark, and I can't see the shore where we are going!"

"No, little one, but the ferryman knows the way, and we will soon be over, and then soon home in the city, where will be a light and a good fire"

"Oh, I wish we were there, father!

Slowly and gently the boat swung off in the stream. and though it was dark, and the river seemed to run fast, they were carried safely over, and the child soon forgot her fear. In a short time after they landed, she reached her home, where loving arms received her—where the room was warm with fire, and was flooded with light. On the bosom of love she rested, and her chills and terrors passed away.

Some months after this, the same little child had come to another river, darker, deeper, and more fearful still. It was the River of Death. When she first came near it, the air seemed cold, and darkness covered it. and all seemed like night. The same loving father stood near her, distressed that his child must cross this river, and he not able to go with her, For days and nights he had been, with her mother, watching over her, and leaving her bedside only long enough to take his meals, and pray for the life of his precious child,

For hours she had deen slumbering very quietly, and it seemed as if her spirit was to pass sway without her waking again, but just before the morning watch, she suddenly awoke, with her eye bright the reason unclouded I, and every faculty alive. A sweet smile was playing on the face

the river side' and am again waiting for the ferryman to come and carry me over.',

"Does it seem dark and cold as it did when we crossed the river?

"Oh, no! There are no dark, gloomy trees here. The river is not black, dut covered with floating silver. The boat coming toward me seems to be made of solid light, and though the ferryman looks dark, I am not afaid of him

"Can my child see across the the river?

"Oh, yes! but instad of the little twinkling light here and there, as before I can see a great, beautiful city. flooded with light and glory I see no sun and no lamp. no moon or stars; but it's full of light. Ah! I hear music, softly over the river, sweet as the angels could make!"

"Can you see any one on the other bank of the river?"

"Why, why, yes! I see One, the most beautiful form I eversaw! — and what a face! what a smile! And now he beckons me to come. O ferryman, make haste? *I* know it is! It is Jesus!— my own blessed Jesus! I shall be received into his arms, I shall rest in his bosom!

"*Is* my little daughter afraid?

"*Afraid*, dear mother! Not a bit. I think of my Psalm, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'"

And thus she crossed the dark river, made like a silver stream by the presence of the blessed Redeemer. The father and mother wept, but joy and sorrow mingled in their tears. They could almost see the golden gates open to reieive their love one, and they then understood the words of the prophet, "The child shall die an hundred years old.—Christian Banner.

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A Plan to Restore the Mail Services of the South.

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The undersigned, postmaster at ——, State of ——, certifies under his oath of office tha he is acquainted with the above guarantors and knows them to be men of property and able to make good them guaranty.

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☞ If it is not convenient for an acting postmaster to fill out the certificate, an old one will answer.

[☞ Editors throughout the South will please give the foregoing two insertions and forward bill with a copy of paper to the undersigned. Those giving two or more additional insertions will be entitled to a copy of my book "A Ray of Light," the price of which by mail is $2,00.]

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